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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF

WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM

FEB. 27TH & MAR. 1ST 1875.

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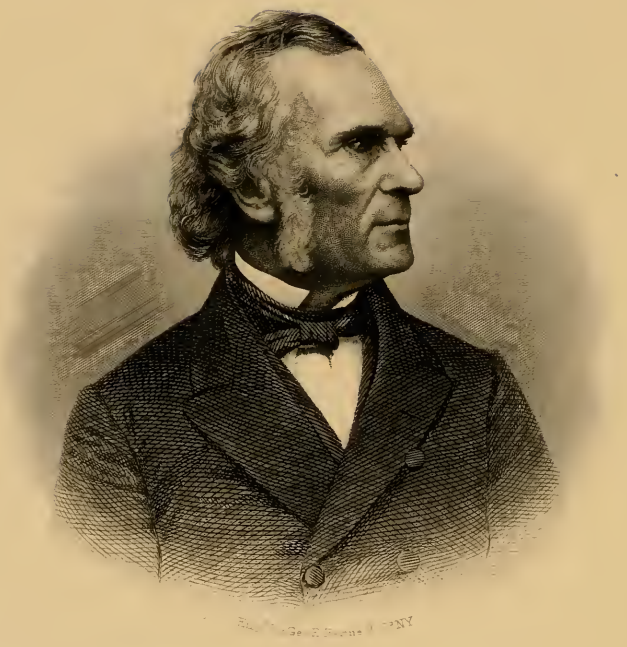

Wm. D. Buckingham

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

WM. A. BUCKINGHAM,

(A SENATOR OF CONNECTICUT,)

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

U. S. FORTY-THIRD CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION, 1874-1875

FEBRUARY 27 AND MARCH 1, 1875,

WITH OTHER TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE

DEATH OF WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM,

A SENATOR FROM CONNECTICUT.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Friday, February 5, 1875.

Rev. BYRON SUNDERLAND, D. D., Chaplain of the Senate, offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, we come before Thee admonished by the tidings of the morning that in the midst of life we are in death; that another member of this body has been called from the scene of his earthly labors. Bless and uphold, we beseech Thee, O Lord God, our Father in heaven, the members of his family and surviving friends in the midst of this great affliction; and may they, with us, not be left to sorrow as those that are without hope, because we are assured that though the workmen cease, yet the work of God shall never fail. O, do Thou help us, and all men, to bear with fortitude and fidelity the struggles and the pains of this earthly state, and finally to attain to the rewards of everlasting life, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Journal of yesterday's proceedings was read and approved.

Mr. FERRY, of Connecticut. I rise, Mr. President, in the performance of what is to me the saddest duty of my public life. I announce

to the Senate the death of my late colleague on this floor. This morning, at his home in Norwich, Conn., at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, just as night was turning into morning, Governor BUCKINGHAM died. I hope on another occasion to be able to say something befitting his memory. At present I offer this resolution:

Resolved, That a committee consisting of five Senators be appointed by the Chair to attend the funeral obsequies of Hon. WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM, at Norwich, Conn.

Mr. ANTHONY. Mr. President, I second the resolution.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

The VICE-PRESIDENT appointed as the committee Messrs. FERRY of Connecticut, SHERMAN, STEVENSON, FENTON, and WASHBURN.

Mr. FERRY, of Connecticut. The Senate is aware that in my own infirm condition of health it is hardly possible for me to proceed to the home of my late colleague and return immediately without serious risk. Were there no other considerations than those personal to myself, I should certainly incur any risk to be present on the occasion to which I allude; but there are others interested in my health, and I must ask to be excused from serving upon the committee.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Senator from Connecticut asks to be excused from service on the committee.

The question was determined in the affirmative.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Chair will appoint in place of the Senator from Connecticut, the Senator from Maine, [Mr. HAMLIN.]

Mr. FERRY, of Connecticut. I offer the following additional resolution:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to, *nem. con.*; and (at twelve o'clock and sixteen minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE

FUNERAL OF SENATOR BUCKINGHAM.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Tuesday, February 9, 1875.

Mr. FERRY, of Connecticut. Mr. President, it is now the day and the hour appointed for the funeral of my late colleague in this Chamber. As a token of respect for our deceased friend, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to unanimously; and (at one o'clock and two minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM,

A SENATOR FROM CONNECTICUT.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Saturday, February 27, 1875.

ADDRESS OF MR. FERRY, OF CONNECTICUT.

Mr. PRESIDENT: In accordance with precedent on similar occasions I send to the Chair resolutions which I ask may be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved by the Senate, That, as an additional mark of respect to the memory of WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM, late a Senator from Connecticut, business be now suspended, that the friends and associates of the deceased may pay fitting tribute to his public and private virtues.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate this resolution to the House of Representatives.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The Senate again testifies its respect for one whose name has been stricken from its rolls by death.

When the telegraph announced that Mr. BUCKINGHAM was no more, we paused in the work of legislation to do honor to his memory. When, a few days later, the hour arrived for the great assemblage which had gathered to his funeral at his distant home, to go forth bearing his body to its last resting-place, we stopped, as it were, for the long procession to pass by and do its solemn office and disperse; and now we pause once more to utter in the hearing of the nation such words of commemoration as seem to us befitting the regard in which we held our associate and our friend. "Eulogies," we are accustomed to call the brief addresses which are spoken on such occasions. I shrink from the application of that word to anything that I can say of him who has so lately gone out from among us forever. He thought so little of himself, he was so unobtrusive of his own personality, so truly simple and modest in everything relating to his fame among men, that it seems as if that kindly face were rising up before me to deprecate words of praise. But in narrating the story of his life the plainest truth is the highest eulogy, and the power of that truth is now one of the gracious influences which are the common property of his countrymen.

WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM was of a Puritan family, the memorials of whose members are still preserved in unbroken line from the first of the name who left England in 1637, and after a temporary abode, first in Boston and then in New Haven, settled in Milford, Conn. A volume of these memorials has been printed, and its pages furnish a noble illustration of the power of early influences in molding the character of successive generations. For nearly two centuries and a half, through which the record runs, the ancestors of Governor BUCKINGHAM have been men of fervent piety, of superior intellectual powers, of rare sagacity in affairs,

and of prominence in the community of which they were members. His father and mother were both remarkable persons. Of the former it is said:

He was an enterprising and thrifty farmer, who lived comfortably and made his house the home of hospitality. His most striking characteristic was his rare good judgment. He was a Christian gentleman. His habits of business were careful and exact. His reverence was great. He was tender-hearted and full of sympathy for the children of misfortune, as well as rigid in his ideas of personal duty.

A former clergyman of the place where they dwelt, in speaking of the latter a few years ago, says:

When I became pastor of the church, I was struck wherever I went with the love and gratitude which all poured out at the mention of one individual. That individual was the mother of our now good governor—a noble son of a noble mother. Beneath every roof her name was most affectionately mentioned, as her memory is now sacredly cherished. I wondered how she had thus endeared herself to the hearts of that people. But when I saw her at the bedside of the sick and the dying ministering like an angel from above to their relief; when I saw her gifts scattered wherever they were needed; when I saw how little she spent upon herself, and how cheerfully she gave to others, I understood the secret.

Of such parentage, on the 28th of May, 1804, in the ancient town of Lebanon, Conn., WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM was born. Here, too, the first eighteen years of his life were passed. He was educated in the public schools of his own and of a neighboring village. He learned to labor with his hands upon his father's farm. But there is an education which is neither of the head nor of the hands in the influences which fill the heart in the morning of life, and which most frequently form the basis of character in after years. What those influences were, under his parental roof, I have already

told. But the external circumstances of his boyhood and youth were almost equally propitious. There is no spot in the world where the conditions which mold a human life are more auspicious than those which existed in his native town from fifty to seventy years ago. Its natural aspects were simple and peaceful. Its one long, spacious street, with wide grassy borders, between which lay the beaten road, here and there overshadowed by ancient trees; the slopes of arable and pasture and meadow land, broken by primitive woods at varying intervals; the scattered farm-houses, with their out-buildings; the rain-and-sun imbrowned meeting-house, school-house, and academy, are all familiar features of the New England village of that day, and in harmony with the life of the people who beheld them—a plain, earnest, thoughtful people, who believed in God and duty; industrious, because they earned their bread by their daily toil; independent, because each man owned the acres which he tilled; intelligent, because the school-house opened wide its doors to all; brave, because fearing God they feared nothing else; pure, because without a shadow on their belief in the Scripture revelation they lived habitually in as vivid a consciousness of the invisible as of the visible world around them. We can hardly realize the intensity of that faith in the present age. It had, perhaps, too much of a somber tinge, but it pervaded life with the impregnable sense of duty, and robbed death of its terrors by the assurance of a nobler life beyond. The air of the place was moreover full of patriotic associations. It was the home of many prominent characters of the revolutionary period. Chief among these was the family of the Trumbulls. The plain frame house in which they had lived during two generations of distinguished service, and the old "war-office," as it was called, where the elder Trumbull had transacted his public business during his long administration of State affairs, remained landmarks of the past till a period even now recent. School-boys entering the latter looked with awe upon the marks of spurs, still to be seen on

the side of the counter where orderlies and express-riders had sat awaiting the governor's orders during the war of independence. In that house Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, La Fayette, Rochambeau, and many other old-time worthies had been guests. French troops had gone into winter-quarters here, and five regiments had been reviewed by Washington himself on the spacious street. More than five hundred men from that little town had been in the revolutionary armies at one time, and every house was full of their reminiscences.

It was in the midst of such associations that the boy BUCKINGHAM grew up from infancy to early manhood. The impression which they made may, I think, be traced through all his subsequent life.

At the age of eighteen he taught school for a single year, and then, having selected the calling of a merchant as best adapted to his tastes and circumstances, he began with the rudiments of that occupation by entering into the employment of a mercantile firm in Norwich, in the capacity of a clerk. Trade now became his study, and after three years of application he felt himself qualified for business upon his own responsibility. At the age of twenty-three he opened a store in Norwich, and success seems to have attended him from the very first. Indeed, he was a model of the man of business. Upright, prompt, faithful to all engagements, attentive, careful, courteous, and possessed of that rare sagacity which, as we have seen, was a family trait, he won the confidence of all with whom he had relations. At the age of twenty-six he made open profession of the faith which had already become the controlling influence in his life, by uniting in the membership of the church of his ancestors. Between that event and the present hour, forty-five years of a stainless life and of earnest, unceasing Christian endeavor attest the sincerity of his profession.

After a brief space of time he added manufacturing to his mercantile pursuits, and in 1848 abandoned the latter altogether, to devote

his entire means and energies to the former in new and more expanded methods. In the mean time he had married and built up a cultivated, refined, and Christian home, where unaffected piety and mutual love shed their benign influences upon all the household and upon the community in which he dwelt. Assiduity and sagacity in business, honorable dealing, unspotted integrity, and fidelity to all engagements, had produced their natural results, and prosperity abundantly awarded his labors. As the years passed on, the circle of his influence grew wider as the knowledge of his character and qualities was spread abroad. Prior to 1856 he had held no public station except that of mayor of Norwich, but his usefulness, even in a private capacity, could hardly be excelled by that which is ordinarily exerted by men in any position in life. No man ever lived who more truly, unaffectedly, and constantly regarded all his possessions, whether of time, talents, property, or influence, as a stewardship for God and humanity.

I love to contemplate that portion of his life when, a simple private citizen, he was doing the work which he found to do, without thought of the greater future which awaited him. No opportunity to do good, great or small, escaped him. He taught little children in the Sunday-school. As deacon of the church, he was its almoner to the poor and the distributer of the sacred emblems to the membership of its communion and to the stranger within its gates. He helped to found acadamies, build up public libraries, provide for feeble churches, promote temperance reform, endow colleges, and to send the light of Christian civilization to the remotest corners of the globe. And all this so quietly, so naturally as it were, that, proceeding from him, it seemed nothing extraordinary. Moreover, there were ever flowing from him streams of hidden beneficence, gladdening many hearts and drying the tears in many eyes, whose story never will be told till the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

A quarter of a century of such ceaseless activity in business and

in doing good could not fail to bring even the private citizen to the public knowledge in his own and the neighboring communities; but the time arrived when he was to be called to more conspicuous labor and duties. Mr. BUCKINGHAM, while hitherto not specially prominent in political life, had nevertheless carried into the discharge of his duties as citizen the same conscientious convictions which pervaded his whole character. The great tide-wave of opposition to the further progress of slavery on the national domain swept over the land, disintegrating old parties and preparing the material for new. He had always been a whig, and with most whigs the Missouri compromise was second in sanctity and inviolability only to the Constitution itself. Its repeal and the purpose which that repeal disclosed shocked every feeling not only of his intellectual but of his moral nature. That he should be a Republican under such circumstances was a matter of course. And with him, on the questions that now agitated the public mind, political opinions became a part of his deepest and most solemn convictions. It was no longer the mere expediences of administration that men thought and talked and wrote about and voted upon, but great and sacred questions of right and wrong and duty, and on such questions there was but one course possible to Mr. BUCKINGHAM. Having settled in his own mind whither right and duty pointed, thither he must go, and with all his might.

In the presidential election of 1856, the first in which the new party entered the field as a national organization, it was felt that his name would be a powerful auxiliary in the canvass, and it was placed on the Republican electoral ticket, and contributed greatly to its success. Brought thus prominently before the people of the whole State, his qualities of mind and character became more widely known than ever before, and in the spring of 1858 he was elected governor of Connecticut. For eight years, by successive annual re-elections, he remained in that office. The period comprises the

most eventful portion of American history since the war of independence.

It is impossible on an occasion like this even to sketch the outline of Governor BUCKINGHAM'S long administration. In its third year the election of Mr. Lincoln became the signal for the bursting of the storm which had so long been gathering. From the foundation of the Government there had been two circumstances especially hostile to the peace of the Republic. The one a political doctrine, the other an economic system—secession and slavery. Was the body-politic called the United States a nation or a confederacy? From the beginning there had been opposing opinions, entertained with equal sincerity by the best minds of the Republic. Great lawyers, jurists, and statesmen were to be found on either side. It should have been a question for lawyers to argue and courts to decide. It might possibly have been so but for the contemporaneous existence of slavery. This system, so feeble at the adoption of the Constitution as to seem destined to perish in a single generation, had become in the course of events the most gigantic material interest and the most formidable political power in the nation. Repugnant certainly to the spirit of the Constitution, to the morality of the age, and to the convictions of a majority of the whole people, its security against assault depended upon the constitutional powers and functions of the States, and an exaggerated assertion of those powers and functions on the part of its supporters was the natural result. So secession and slavery, occupying the same territorial area, had become allies, and for more than a generation a perpetual menace. The moral question, moreover, involved in the system of bondage, had been decided differently in the minds of the people of the two great territorial divisions distinguished by its presence or absence. Its rectitude was as clear to the one as its intrinsic turpitude was to the other. The election of Mr. Lincoln upon the avowed purpose to put a final period to the further progress of slavery upon the

national territory brought the opposing forces to an issue which could no longer be averted. For the preservation of slavery the experiment of secession was inevitable.

To Governor BUCKINGHAM secession was rebellion, and an ordinance of secession was a declaration of war. It did not require the echo of artillery from Fort Sumter to awaken him to the duties of the hour. In the winter of 1860–'61 he began with such means as the disjointed militia laws of Connecticut placed in his hands to prepare for the conflict. Upon the first call of President Lincoln for troops at the fall of Sumter he devoted himself, mind and body and estate, to bring that conflict to a successful issue. Thenceforth till the final overthrow of the rebellion his history is a prominent part of the history of the nation. The legislature of the State was to assemble in a few weeks, but it was impossible to await its meeting. The laws of the State were utterly inadequate to the emergency, and responsibility must be assumed. The treasury was empty and money could not be raised for months by the regular methods, but money must be raised. The governor anticipated the enactment of laws, assumed responsibility, and pledged his private credit in the purchase of supplies and munitions of war for the troops which from all parts of the State were filling up the rolls of the volunteers. When the legislature assembled it passed acts of indemnity and literally placed the whole resources of the State at his disposal. And thus it continued substantially during the entire war. Never was a trust more faithfully executed. As call after call for troops proceeded from Washington, the governor was indefatigable in securing the promptest response. As regiment after regiment went forth to the front, he devoted his time, his energies, and often his personal resources to the completeness of their equipment and the promotion of their comfort. His care of them was as tender as that of a father. The historian of the State during this period narrates that—

Governor BUCKINGHAM made it a matter of duty to visit every

regiment and address to its officers words of counsel. "I remember their substance well," says an officer. "After telling us what a noble band of men we had the honor to command, he told us that we could do much both to promote their usefulness and to relieve their privations. 'Remember,' said he, 'that the Government makes ample provisions for its defenders. Whatever the Government provides, that your men are entitled to receive. See that they are thus provided. If, through the carelessness of officers on the higher staffs, such provision is not made, do not hesitate to make your complaints until the grievance is remedied. If you cannot get redress otherwise, then write me the facts fully and I will apply to the highest power in the land for you.' Then, after an earnest appeal to us to seek divine guidance and protection, he bade us farewell."

One or two incidents which I know to be authentic will further illustrate this tenderness of the governor for the troops. A citizen of Connecticut, whose duties kept him almost constantly at the front, happened to meet Governor BUCKINGHAM at Washington, and in the course of a conversation the latter said to him, "You will see a good many battles and much suffering; don't let any Connecticut man suffer for want of anything that can be done for him; if it costs money, draw on me for it." The same person, on the last day of the fight at Gettysburgh, when victory had declared on the Federal side, and while yet the fields were strewn with the dead and wounded, seized an opportunity to telegraph the Governor the great result, and quick as the wires could bear it came back the response, "Take good care of the Connecticut men."

All through the long and varying conflict the courage of Governor BUCKINGHAM never faltered. With citizens in arms against the Government no compromise, no concession was possible; the very word negotiation implied national death. In his message delivered in the darkest days of the war, just after the bloody repulse of Chancellorsville, he said:

The conflict inaugurated at Sumter must go on until the Government shall conquer or be conquered. Let no one be deceived by

the artful device of securing peace by a cessation of hostilities. * * * A peace thus attained would cost a nation's birthright. * * * Civil war is cruelty. Its fruits are desolation, sorrow, and death. Fear, hesitation, and a timid use of the forces of war will eventually increase these terrible sufferings. They will be diminished by courage, vigor, and severity. * * * Whatever of trial, suffering, or privation may be in store for us, or however long may be the controversy, firm in the faith that our nation will be preserved in its integrity, let us in adversity as well as in prosperity, in darkness as well as in light, give the administration our counsel, our confidence, our support.

Kindly and gentle as we have seen him here in these recent years, it is impossible not to feel that in the veins of him who penned such words flowed the blood of the grim Ironsides who fought at Naseby and at Marston Moor, and that in his breast dwelt the spirit which animated the Hebrew king who, contemplating the inextinguishable hostility of the enemies of his people and of the glorious hopes bound up in their national existence, exclaimed: "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight."

The exigencies of the war frequently brought Governor BUCKINGHAM to Washington during its whole continuance. Here he speedily won the respect of all by his capacity, firmness, and devotion to the common cause. He was especially endeared to President Lincoln, who reposed in him the same confidence which Washington had bestowed upon his great predecessor, Jonathan Trumbull. As a gentleman, entering the executive office, introduced himself as from Connecticut, the President rose from his chair, and placing his hand impressively upon the visitor's shoulder, exclaimed: "From Connecticut? Do you know what a good governor you have got?"

So long as the war lasted the people of his State would not permit Governor BUCKINGHAM to leave his post. For many years one or at most two re-elections of the same chief magistrate had been the cus-

tom of the little Commonwealth; and the governor, weary with incessant labor and apprehensive that the breach of the established precedent might create unpleasant feeling, more than once signified his wish to retire. But the people would not let him, and not until the victory was completely won and the authority of the Republic permanently re-established would they permit him to seek his much needed repose. And even then they were not content. There was one crown which they could yet fitly place upon his head, the highest gift which the people of Connecticut alone could confer upon him. In May, 1866, his last term of office as governor expired. In May, 1868, they elected him a Senator of the United States. And now for almost six years he has gone in and out among us here, regarded by every one of us with loving reverence and unalloyed respect, the humble Christian, the pure statesman, the sincere patriot, the perfect gentleman, in all a model to us all. Ever assiduous in business, doing his work in committee and in the Senate with the laborious industry of his earlier prime and the matured wisdom of his ripening years, he was the faithful representative of his State and the constant guardian of his country's interests. Of him as a Senator, in this hour of the freshness of our recollections, I need say no more.

When the present session began our friend was not among us. A sickness like a decay, first lingering, then hastening, had fallen upon him. The mind remained clear and unperturbed, while the bodily powers were failing, until near the close, when he sank into unconciousness and fell asleep. He had lived his three-score and ten years, and his official life among us was just approaching its end. We had hoped for some more years of a serene and honored old age, but these could have added nothing to the beauty of that life or the value of that example.

An incident which occurred on the day of his funeral may perhaps fitly close these reminiscences. All the morning, in the home where

he had so long dwelt, his body lay in its still repose, while friends and acquaintances from his own and adjacent communities passed in long procession through the silent room, taking one last look at the face of the departed. It was an impressive scene; great dignitaries were there, cabinet officers, Senators, Representatives, governors, and judges of the land; young and old, rich and poor, men and women, the wise, the brilliant, and the beautiful. Among them all was observed a humble negro couple, advanced in years. With bowed faces they paused at the coffin, gazed upon the calm features with tears streaming down their dusky cheeks, and passed on bursting into irrepressible sobs as they moved from the apartment. No one knew the story of those tears, but from what I know of the dead I am sure that there was a story in them, and I call to mind the words of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The history of such a man is the best delineation of his character. Posterity will affirm of him that his own age was the better for his life, and his example the best legacy that he could leave to succeeding generations.

Address of Mr. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey.

Mr. President: The warm friendship I have for years entertained for Governor Buckingham and my high estimate of his character forbid that I suffer this occasion to pass away without, as briefly as I may, paying to his memory a parting tribute.

In speaking of him we need not resort to any studied phraseology from the fear that a freedom of expression might unwittingly uncover characteristic faults; and I offend no one who hears me by saying that if his excellence has not been readily recognized, it is because of a moral vision too defective to discern a portraiture of many virtues.

In his death the nation and society have sustained a loss not readily repaired. That combination of integrity and efficiency, of prudence and courage, of kindness and firmness, of patriotism and Christian virtue which formed his character is not often found. As a man of extensive business connections, his opinions on affairs were sought after and respected; and his punctuality in the performance of every obligation was an example. As the war-governor of Connecticut he contributed much to the preservation of the nation, and has shed a luster on the history of his native State. As our companion here, his wisdom and judgment commanded our respect, his virtues won our esteem, and his generous kindness secured our affection. As a member of the Committee on Commerce his extensive practical experience gave weight and authority to his opinions, and as chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs he was jealous of the rights of the red man, and seemed never to forget the mutations in the sad fortunes of that decaying people—never to forget that we had "extinguished their council-fires and plowed up the bones of their fathers," and that we were the debtors to the little remnant of a once great race and that the debt would never be adjusted.

Sir, the heroes of the Roman republic made their country their god, their idol. To it they so sacrificed the interests of every other nation and the welfare of mankind that their so-called patriotism became a vice. Our lamented friend had higher inspirations. He had been taught by Him who prescribed a virtue to the heart out of which naturally grew not only a pure patriotism, but that philanthropy which takes within its kindly care an immortal race. Patriotism itself becomes subordinate to this more comprehensive beneficence. When the sad tidings of the death of our friend passed over the wires, thousands and thousands of the best people of the country were saddened. Those who while we are engaged in making laws to impose on society external restraints are noiselessly and unobtrusively at work in imposing and impressing on society the more potent

and more salutary internal restraints of a pure religion, feel that in his death they have lost an efficient co-worker, a wise counselor, and a bright exemplar. His was a bright example; and as he had no moral obliquities to hide, he had no temptation to resort to pretension or to become a prude in virtue.

The faith he professed received from him no prejudice and no damage. His life was the expression of "an honest, earnest, loving heart, taking counsel of its God and of itself."

His many excellencies, however, gave him no exemption from the solemn summons that must come to all; but they did render that summons a message of peace. And we, while lamenting him, may experience a cheerful gratitude that he was permitted to accomplish so much good, and then to leave us the confident assurance that he has met the reward of the just. His object in life was not his own aggrandizement or the gratification of a mere personal ambition. With him the question was not, What shall I get? Where shall I go? but the question was, What shall I be? So far as he lived for himself, it was (to borrow the figure of another) "to frame and construct an instrument called character," from which we, in our daily intercourse, were wont to hear notes of sweet harmony, but the full music of which has now just begun.

As in the clammy cave the continual droppings day by day and year by year form the stalagmite—grotesque or beautiful—so are we all, by each act, each thought, each purpose, forming our characters.

Our fortunes, our associations, our reputations, we leave behind us; but this character, thus continuously and imperceptibly being formed, we take with us, and keep with us throughout the endless cycles of eternity.

Address of Mr. Bayard, of Delaware.

Mr. President: The public career of our late friend and associate has been recited by the honorable Senator from Connecticut, who

was his colleague, with an interesting completeness that renders unnecessary an additional word. Yet an expression of sorrow and sympathy from this side of the Senate cannot be unwelcome or inappropriate upon this occasion. I entered this body on the same day as our late friend and brother, having never previously had personal acquaintance with him; and although the committees upon which we were allotted service by the Senate were different, yet relations of a kindly nature soon grew up between us, arising from the contact of general business in this Chamber. I was greatly won by the considerate courtesy which so eminently marked his bearing, and our acquaintance grew closely with the lapse of time, until a sentiment of what I am glad to believe was one of mutual regard established itself between us. Our affiliations in party politics were totally diverse, and upon such questions the sense of duty entertained by each led our voices and our votes usually in opposite directions.

Our habits of life, the schools of thought and action in which we had been reared, had always been of a different character, leading us into the adoption of different theories of social and political government. But the calmness, the serenity, the cheerful, steady, and open advocacy of his conscientious views never suggested condemnation or disrespect of those who opposed him. I well remember on one occasion, when I had combated in debate some opinion he evidently cherished, that, fearing he might have considered himself included in my adverse criticisms, I said to him privately, "I trust you will let me agree with *you* and yet denounce your opinions." And with a smile of graciousness which every one who knew him must remember, he placed his arm around my shoulder and said: "My dear friend, we both mean what is right, and must not condemn each other because we differ in our ways of attaining it."

In the winter of 1871–'72 Mr. BUCKINGHAM was the chairman of

a committee of investigation of which I was a member, which sat in the city of New York for nearly two months. Its sessions were long and laborious, by night and by day, involving much that was calculated to arouse contest between the members. And I would here bear witness to the unfailing industry, the unflagging attention there bestowed upon this public duty by this then aged and venerable man, whose gentle courtesy and good temper never failed upon any occasion. The long life of our friend had been, as we have just been told, one of steady industry and solid, unvarying integrity; and the reward of wealth and the higher reward of public and private regard and respect were his. The people of his native State have attested in many ways and repeatedly their high opinion of his intelligence and worth, and placed him for many successive terms in the chair of their chief magistracy, and sent him into this council chamber as one of their representatives. Full of years and honors, they now mourn for him.

Let his virtues be written upon marble and remembered and imitated by those of us who survive him. Let such faults and imperfections as are ever attendant upon humanity pass from our minds and find that mercy and forgiveness for which he earnestly and humbly sought and of which we all stand so much in need. Senators, our hearts meet now over this new grave of a departed brother. Shall not this communion of sorrow keep us less far apart in the performance of those daily duties upon which we are in a few hours again to embark?

Address of Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island.

Mr. President:

> The chamber where the good man meets his fate
> Is privileged beyond the common walk
> Of virtuous life; quite in the verge of heaven.

The resolution of the Senator from Connecticut bids us pause in

the proceedings of the closing session, that we may render honor to a good man; one who in a long life, crowded with active duties and largely occupied with the responsible control of important public affairs, did not fail in what he owed to himself and to his fellow-men, and who has left on his record nothing that those who love him best and who grieve for him most would wish to efface.

There is nothing certain in life but death.

> Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
> And stars to set; but all—
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

And when death comes early, when it crushes the budding loveliness of childhood or treads upon the bloom of youth, or even when it tramples on the strength of manhood, the natural grief that we feel is aggravated, because the event is as untimely as it is severe; and we murmur that it contradicts the order of nature.

But when the pale messenger lays his hand upon an accomplished life, a life that has rounded out the years which experience and inspiration assign as the desirable limit of human duration; when these years have been occupied with usefulness, rewarded by success, and crowned with honor; when a good man, having discharged the duties and fulfilled the trusts of life, lies down, calmly and peacefully, to his final repose, we may grieve, but we are not permitted to complain. The tears of affection may not indeed be kept back, but the voice of reason is silenced. To complain at the close of such a life is to complain that the ripened fruit drops from the overloaded bough, that the golden harvest bends to the sickle; it is to complain of the law of our existence, and to accuse the Creator that He did not make man immortal on the earth. For such a life eloquence shall lift her voice and poetry shall string her lyre. For such a man, praise, honor, imitation; but not tears! Tears for him who has failed; tears for him who fainted on the wayside; not for him who

finished the journey; tears for him who, through his fault or his misfortune, omitted to employ the opportunities that were given to him for the work that was assigned to him, not for him who had died when he had accomplished that for which he lived.

We will lament, therefore, in no complaining spirit, for the man whose memory we celebrate to-day. With our grief that he has died shall be mingled our thankfulness that he has lived. The State that he served so faithfully and so well, in the time of our greatest emergency, proudly lifts his name and inscribes it on the roll of her honored and remembered sons. And the history of that State cannot be fairly written without honorable mention of his character and his services. The Senate which he informed with wise counsels, which he adorned with dignity of manner and with purity of life, bears equal testimony to his abilities and to his virtues, and equal honor to his memory.

Address of Mr. Stevenson, of Kentucky.

Mr. President: I rise to add a word to what has been so well and so eloquently said by the Senator from Connecticut and those who followed to the memory of his late colleague and our departed brother.

My acquaintance with Governor Buckingham commenced upon my entrance into the Senate in 1871. A joint service with him upon the Committee on Indian Affairs brought us closely together, and I soon learned to honor and respect him. I shall not speak of his public service in the Senate; it was known to us all; it was appreciated by all.

Governor Buckingham was a man of decided character. Without brilliancy, he possessed a strong, clear judgment, was a man of decided opinions and strong convictions, from which he never swerved.

He was eminently industrious and attentive to his official duties,

but always gentle and courteous in the discharge of them. But his example, Mr. President, to the Senate and to the world possessed a higher value. Earthly distinction is of "the earth, earthy;" it attracts and dazzles for a brief period and then passes away and perisheth; but a conscience void of offense before God and man is an inheritance for eternity. And such, I believe, was the possession of the late WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM. His religious convictions were of the highest and deepest type. No irreverence, no frivolity, no loud professions of his faith ever escaped his lips. He believed that pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father was to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions and to keep himself unspotted from the world. This he illustrated in his daily life; this he rejoiced in in his calm and quiet life. He lived in hope; he died in triumph.

Mr. President, as I stood but a few days ago in the still, quiet cemetery of that beautiful city where he lived, and which holds now all that is mortal of the dead Senator, I beheld such a demonstration of all classes, such grief as filled me with a just appreciation of how WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM had lived and how WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM had died. His memory will be cherished so long as the recollection of his virtue, his faith, and his fidelity remains; and these should never perish. Senators, we shall see him no more; but he has given to each and all of us that bright example to be always ready at the summons which we know awaits us all.

ADDRESS OF MR. WRIGHT, OF IOWA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Only heart-words, words of truth, are of value or to be weighed by speaker or hearer on such an occasion as that now before us. And to me not the least gratifying reflection is that the highest tribute which can be paid our late colleague is that the heart's richest and warmest promptings and utterances may be and

are those of entire and simple truthfulness. Still it remains that in this presence, remembering as we do his manly and Christian bearing as a citizen and Senator, we feel how poor are mere words to do even partial justice to his great excellence and many virtues.

I met Governor BUCKINGHAM for the first time when taking my seat in this Chamber nearly four years since. I was then, as always afterward, impressed, as I know all were, with his amiable disposition, sterling worth, his devotion to right and duty, his unobtrusive manner, his ever earnest advocacy of the cause of the weak and oppressed, his Christain faith, and, what was far more, his Christian life.

I but repeat what has been said by others when I say that his work here was not so much in mere appearance or show as in its quiet and practical value to the Senate and the country. Participating in our debates but seldom, he nevertheless, in those matters requiring patient industry, tireless investigation, watchfulness, the care of the conscientious business man, yea, of pure purpose and clear brain and judgment, was ever at home, had but few equals, was the peer of any. And hence, as my acquaintance ripened into warm friendship, and I came to know more and more of his purity of purpose and the thoroughness of his investigations, if in doubt as to my course, I simply asked what has he said or advised, what was his vote, and followed his lead. I knew his path could not and would not probably lead me from the right, could not be other than that of safety. His was always a "straight road," and a traveler in this never gets lost.

The public life of such a man always tells for the welfare of the Republic. The public measure of true greatness is not infrequently greatly at fault. For the nation's upbuilding, for the nation's quiet, for the nation's strength, for the nation's perpetuity, we need industrious, faithful, practical, and not merely brilliant official life, high and practical moral worth and conduct, rather than mere cultivated

brain or intellect, indifferent to or unmindful of the only safe or reliable element and basis of true greatness. Goodness is greatness. The good are great. Only the truly good can be truly great. High, true, moral worth and greatness in the individual and the nation are hence of greater value in securing obedience to law, the repression of any and all spirit of violence, guaranteeing justice to every citizen and all rights to all, than written constitutions, all statutes, the whole police power of the Government. To one thus imbued the nation should and always will look as a reliable legislator, a leader to be safely followed, a citizen to be revered and respected; and his life-work is felt not alone while he, though ever so modestly, in person points the way, but in the nation's coming or after years as well.

Such in a pre-eminent degree was the life of our friend. He was a conscientious and just man, just to his political opponents and to his friends. His moral character lifted him above the criminations of party strife, the breath of suspicion itself. There was with him always a wise and a considerate propriety of conduct, a love of truth, the deepest sense of moral and religious obligation, an unaffected modesty, the absence of all selfish feelings, a benevolent and kindly charity, which was both a principle and rule of his life and an innate sentiment of his very heart. "In him there was no glare, nothing to dazzle, but an abundance of that pure, mellow light of declining evening upon which we all love to look." When the sun went down upon such a life, the nation justly and truly mourned. His was a worthy and noble ambition. He filled well and honorably the highest and most sacred trusts. Respected and loved by his State, revered by all, elected to and taking high position in the highest deliberative body of the world, having attained what all men esteem, almost if not quite, the topmost round of fame's ever up-reaching ladder, he, in the language of another, "stepped thence to the skies." Who of us next shall join him?

Address of Mr. Howe, of Wisconsin.

Mr. President: I put on no sable, none of the trappings of woe, to stand by the bier of Buckingham. I recall no single trait in his character, no incident in his career, to bow me with a sense of humiliation. On the contrary, the memory of all the years I knew him fills me with exultation. To be sure, as I look to the chair he occupied, I miss the breathing benediction which always seemed to emanate from it while he sat there. As I look into the saddened faces of the Senate, I see clearly "he is not here." But not one angel only, a multitude, rather, which no man hath numbered, all in shining garments, assure me "he is risen."

And then, sir, I remember with grateful pride that he was an American Senator.

I need not remind you how in these latter years calumny has emptied all its vials upon the heads of public men and upon the endeavors of public life. It has really seemed at times as if the fountains of falsehood's great deeps were broken up, and that society, which can no more be overwhelmed by floods, was to be drowned by detraction. A friend told me that when traveling along a railway in New England two years ago, she heard a fellow-traveler declare with emphasis his settled belief that there was not an honest man in either House of Congress. But Buckingham was then here. And who of all who knew him will doubt that when he left us, as white a soul as ever passed the pearly gates, went from the Senate to his waiting seat among the seraphim?

It is but a modest space which his utterances occupy in the records of our deliberations. But meager as it is, we could illy afford to spare them from that record. What he said, he considered well; and he had that rare wisdom which is born of steady judgment, ripe experience, unerring conscience, and patriotic purpose.

Could he have taken a transcript of those utterances with him he

would have needed no other evidence upon which to challenge that prize he most coveted—the final reward of his Creator of "Well done, good and faithful."

Nay, sir, could those readiest of all writers, who photograph the daily debates of the Senate, have accompanied him constantly and so have furnished a transcript of his daily conversation, he might, I fondly believe, have taken the whole with him as the picture of a life directed to the loftiest aims, guided by a gentle courtesy which lured a world to follow, and inspired by a generous toleration which wholly disarmed the envy, and half consoled the chagrin, of all who failed to keep pace with him.

I do not mean to detain the Senate by the attempt to sketch his characteristics; that would be needless if it were not vain. What rhetoric can do to embalm those characteristics has been fitly done. Posterity may drink new inspirations from the record of the testimony which the Senate this day bears to the worth of a colleague. We are privileged to remember what posterity can only read. Ours is the higher privilege. Speech is not quite adequate to portray a character so simple and so grand as that we commemorate. He was his own best expositor. One who has stood before the broad, open, clear, pure, white corolla of the *Victoria regia* is not apt to be enthused by any description of it, however faithful. We have seen BUCKINGHAM, and lived and worked with him.

One incident in his life I will venture to recall, which not inaptly illustrates his enduring excellence. By command of the Senate, I was with others assigned but three years ago to aid the deceased on the investigation of alleged abuses in the customs service in New York. It was an irksome task, yet we prosecuted it for weeks. Daily we were splashed with the foul humors engendered in the glandered politics of a great city. Malice unwound a hideous web before us, shot with a thread of fact to a shuttleful of falsehood.

During the whole trial I did not once hear from him a censorious

remark or even a petulant exclamation. It was evident he was human and that he felt. Occasionally, when the manifestations were especially spiteful, his countenance would wear that mingled expression of pain and resignation which art has so long and so vainly toiled to reproduce in some *ecce homo*—that look, half willing and half shrinking, which one fancies the shuddering Saviour wore as there broke from his lips the supplication, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." But the poultice of a night relieved the suffering, and each succeeding day restored him to his work, showing no more trace of scars from the inflictions of the yesterdays than the sun bore which lighted him to his work.

Mr. President, I have long felt to regret that I never heard Jenny Lind sing, that I never saw Rachel act. They must have been marvelous specimens of art. Governor BUCKINGHAM was a grand piece of nature. I shall always regret that I could not have known him in domestic life. I am persuaded that was his masterpiece. I never saw him in the presence of a child. But I partly know what he was as a father. Once he spoke to me of a daughter, and no June morning ever suffused the eastern sky with a more genial radiance than that which broke over the face of the father as he told me how good that daughter was.

Sir, I should wrong the memory of Governor BUCKINGHAM and grieve his truthful spirit, only that his spirit is beyond the reach of grief, if I should neglect to bear testimony to one thing. There is in this unbelieving generation a loud, if not a large element, desperate if not devilish, hoping nothing here and fearing nothing hereafter, which screams with derision of the Christian statesman! Standing by the grave of Governor BUCKINGHAM I must not forget to tell the world that he was what I have never dared pretend to be—a Christian statesman.

Mr. President, do not imagine because I am so filled with boast-

ing of the illustrious dead that I for a moment forget he is dead. These fond memories, bright as they are, cannot delude me into forgetfulness that memories are all we have left of him. Sir, I am not at all insensible to the greatness of our loss.

I have met with a personal loss. He made me feel he was my friend, and I believe still he was my friend. But there was no reason why he should be, except in that broad and liberal sense in which he was the friend of everybody. Still, if I knew the idea of his personal regard was a delusion, it is so sweet a delusion I should cling to it and should still feel that I had lost the society of a cherished friend.

The Senate has lost an associate upon whose counsels it was apt to lean and in whose companionship it did always delight.

The country has lost the services of a statesman upon whose wisdom, whose experience, whose unflinching courage, unfaltering integrity, and unswerving patriotism she had learned to rely.

The State of Connecticut has lost a citizen whom she was delighted to honor. All these losses are very heavy. But have we a right to repine at such losses? He was spared to us so long; he had just filled up his three-score and ten years. Surely we ought to consent to a return of even the richest of God's loans at some time.

And then he was so exactly ripe. The suns of seventy summers had set their seal upon him. All had mellowed, not one had parched him. He stood upon the summit of the long ascent, not travel-worn, not spent with toil, but new-breathed and fresh in spirit, with all the brightest hopes that blossomed on his youth not faded but fruited in that grand but simple faith which sustained and guided his maturer years. He seemed to us rather "as if an angel dropped down from the clouds" than a man climbed up from the valley.

Sir, our losses may be calculated, though not readily. Indeed they may be repaired, though not easily.

There is, however, in that busy Connecticut a family circle broken up by a loss which cannot be calculated or repaired by mere human appliances. I could not forget on this occasion that there are such sufferers, yet I know it does not belong to such as I to speak to them.

A friend told me but a few weeks since that it happened to him one day last summer to discover, while at dinner, that himself and his daughter were to start for a distant city over the same highway by different trains, leaving only an hour apart. The family smiled at the coincidence.

We cannot now lift up those who bend over the grave of BUCKINGHAM; but we can comfort ourselves with the assurance that the same great faith which always sustained him, will in time enable those who mourn him to lift the curtain which separates two worlds, and then they will see that the departed is but one with whom it is a dear delight to travel, who has taken an earlier train for a common destination.

ADDRESS OF MR. THURMAN, OF OHIO.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I can do no more than express my high appreciation of the character of the deceased as it was manifested during the years he sat among us. My acquaintance with him began when he entered the Senate, and the friendly relations that soon followed were never marred by any difference of opinion, however great. I always found him polite, amiable, and ready to oblige—a noble specimen of a true gentleman. I always found him an industrious and careful legislator, distinguished by an excellent judgment, and naturally inclined, I believe, to moderation. Earnest in the discharge of his duties, he was never obtrusive, never presumptuous, and

never said a word calculated to inflict a wound. And hence, when he last walked from this Chamber he left no one within its walls who did not feel for him respect, kindness, and esteem. A Senator of whom after years of service this can truly be said needs little more of eulogy. There is so much to create passion, prejudice, or ill-will in the contests imposed upon us by a discharge of our duties, that he who finishes his senatorial career with the universal good-will and respect of his brethren is most surely a character that merits commemoration and honor.

Address of Mr. Pratt, of Indiana.

Mr. President: Twice has death entered this Chamber during the Forty-third Congress and taken from our midst associates with whom we held daily counsel. Twice with unerring aim has he struck down those we honored for their wisdom, admired for their virtues, and who commanded our respect by the fidelity with which they performed their public duties here.

When the first one fell it was as when a monarch tree falls, without warning, in the silent forest. Far and wide the vibrations reach. In his case they crossed the ocean, and their echoes only ceased when the limit was reached where the language in which he clothed his thoughts is spoken. In him were centered genius, learning, culture, experience, profound conviction, and purity of soul. All the world reached by his fame said a great man had fallen.

Scarcely had we accustomed ourselves to the absence from his well-known seat in this Chamber of Charles Sumner, when the insatiate archer aimed his fatal shaft at another shining mark, and to-day we mourn the death of William A. Buckingham. Putting

aside our daily tasks, we have set apart this hour to pay such respect as feeble words will permit to the memory of this honored public servant and eminently good man whose face we shall see no more. We turn instinctively to that vacant chair he occupied; we recall the white crown, emblem of purity, which he who filled it wore; the benevolent face, the kind manner, the uniform courtesy which were always his. We cannot realize that this familiar presence is forever gone from our midst. With me it is a melancholy pleasure to have the opportunity to speak a few sad words of the deceased which shall testify of the respect in which I held him while living, and the honor in which I hold his memory.

I wish it were in my power, sir, to paint in true colors his portrait and hold up to others who knew him less those rare traits of character and courtesies of manner which made him at once an object of deepest respect and love.

I met him first in this Chamber nearly six years ago, and while many of his associates may lay claim to a greater intimacy than I enjoyed, no one, I feel sure, more sincerely mourns his loss. With perfect truth I can say, that in all the acquaintances I have formed with public men since coming to this Capitol, no one has impressed me more strongly as being thoroughly conscientious and honest in his public and private life than Mr. BUCKINGHAM.

He was a statesman in the best sense of that term. What makes a statesman? Not knowledge alone, however wide, deep, varied, and all-comprehensive; not mere quickness of apprehension to detect the latent fallacy in argument or proposition; not large experience with men and subjects in the legislative forum, nor familiarity with parliamentary rules; it does not consist alone in great powers of debate. All these may co-exist, and yet something be wanting to complete our *beau idéal* of the statesman. What is the lack? What is still wanting? I reply, perfect integrity, broad philanthropy, and an ardent patriotism, which, discarding selfish aims and local benefits, seek to

elevate the whole people, to make them wiser and better, and to promote their material welfare.

Such statesmanship in our exterior relations avoids wars and removes all causes of war. It cultivates friendly relations and seeks no unjust advantages; and in our domestic concerns frames equal and just laws, favoring no classes, but providing for the well-being and happiness of all.

Statesmanship of this stamp ignores State lines in our national legislation, and regards the whole brotherhood of States with equal favor, and dispenses equal justice and benefits to all.

I do not mean that it forgets or should forget the past so far as precaution is necessary to prevent the recurrence of disturbances affecting the well-being of the whole; nor that it should omit the most stringent remedies to curb the lawless and repress violence. But statesmanship harbors no malice nor resentments, but seeks to forget the animosities engendered by war and to build up the waste places.

To this highest type of statesmanship he belonged whose memory we honor to-day. He was not a great orator, upon whose utterances men hung with bated breath; he did not mingle frequently in debate; he did not aspire to the honor of leadership, nor was his education as comprehensive as that of many. He made no pretense to superior mental culture. But he possessed that practical knowledge of the affairs of the country; its varied industries and wants; its internal and foreign commerce; its growing manufactures; its vast agricultural and mineral resources, and especially that knowledge of our relations with the various Indian tribes, to which subject he gave so much of his attention as the chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, as to eminently qualify him to be a judicious adviser in this body and to frame appropriate laws upon these subjects.

Without making any pretense to the graces of oratory, he possessed the faculty of setting forth his views in a way all could understand.

With this was coupled that sincerity of manner that made all men respect if they could not adopt his views.

And while dwelling upon his course in this Chamber let me allude to another matter. Debates sometimes engender heat and hasty speech. But who can forget his unvarying courtesy? Who ever saw him forget for a single moment the propriety of debate? Who ever heard fall from his lips a word calculated to offend or wound? Who ever saw his brow cloud with anger or his face flush with sudden passion? Who ever suspected him of equivocation or double-dealing? No, sir; he was the soul of truth—the embodiment of honor. In him centered the virtues which make up the Christian gentleman.

I do not undertake to enter upon the history of his life before he came here. That work has been done by his colleague. It is enough to know that he was a self-made man, springing from humble life, with imperfect early advantages. He was first a farmer, then a merchant, then a manufacturer, before his fellow-citizens called him to a higher sphere of action. They wisely judged that he who with such intelligence and probity managed his private affairs might safely be trusted with the administration of the affairs of the Commonwealth. For eight years we know, by successive elections, he filled the office of chief magistrate of the State of Connecticut. This long term of service covered a period of great trial and responsibility, when the civil war that was raging imposed upon the executives of the States duties of greatest magnitude. He belonged to that noble fraternity of war-governors upon whom Mr. Lincoln leaned for support in the darkest hours of the war. How Governor BUCKINGHAM performed these duties, how he pledged his own ample estate to put the military forces of Connecticut into the field, we all know.

When the war was over and peace returned, the gratitude, the confidence, the love of his people sent him here to represent them in

the highest legislative forum of the country. With what fidelity he performed this his last and highest trust, you, my fellow-Senators, are the witnesses.

Advanced years invited him to repose. He possessed fortune and friends. He could well have claimed that he had done his full share of public duty and earned a good title to be retired, but the habits of a life of active usefulness would not allow him to do this. From the early morning of life, all through its meridian and afternoon, he had been a faithful worker; and he could not lay aside the habits which had grown to be part of his nature, when the evening approached, and so, it may be said of him, he died in the harness.

Contact with the world, its jostlings and collisions, had no effect to mar the simplicity of his character or cool the warmth of his heart. That retained a freshness almost boyish. Though he had climbed far up the Alpine heights, so that the glistening peak was near at hand, and winter snows all around him, he looked down upon the valleys below glowing with tropical gorgeousness, and sympathized with the joyousness of earth's youth, the laughter of children, the music of birds, the joy and hope and universal gladness, without envy or a sigh that he could not descend but must hold on his way until the bleak summit was reached.

The cold winds which made havoc with his gray hairs and chilled the surface, could not reach the warm heart which beat beneath.

Rare old and yet young man! long shall we miss that face radiant with goodness; that courtesy which never varied, that manner void of all pretension, that wisdom and probity which promptly met and solved the problems, many and full of difficulty, which rose here. In his life he was a model to be studied by those who doubt the power of truth, of frankness, and straightforwardness to win the highest prizes which men seek. He has gone to his rest, full of honors and ripe in years, without an enemy and without a blot. From far and near the people of his native State gathered at his funeral

to pay the last tribute of respect. Ere long there will rise in yonder Congressional Cemetery, so beautiful in its surroundings, a monument to commemorate that another member of Congress has passed away during his term of service. On it I would have inscribed, under the name of our departed friend, "He feared God, he loved his fellow-man, he tried to do his duty."

Address of Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas.

Mr. President: To the student of our political system, the American Senate is one of the most interesting and significant institutions of our Government. Its members change, vanish, and disappear, but like the king, it never dies. Amid the mutations and vicissitudes of our national affairs, so far as anything human can be immutable, it continues stable and permanent. It has no periods nor epochs. Administration follows administration, and Congress succeeds Congress, like fast-ensuing waves, but the Senate flows onward in an unbroken current through our history like the Gulf Stream, that majestic ocean-river, amid the fluctuations of the sea.

It is the same body to-day that assembled at the adoption of the Constitution. It has no interregnum nor end of days. Its functions never cease. Born with the birth of the nation, it has grown with its growth and will end only with its death. Administrations close, and their history can be written. Congresses adjourn, and the verdict of their labors can be recorded and their influence upon the country measured and estimated, but the history of the Senate is the history of the Republic.

When the "inevitable hour" arrives, which is common to nations as to individuals, and the destiny of America has been accomplished; when the representatives of the people shall finally adjourn and

depart from these Halls forever, and the great dome in whose shadow we assemble shall be surrendered to decay, those who for the last time depart from this Chamber will be the lineal successors of those who first took the oath as Senators of the United States.

Removed by these conditions of its existence from the vehement agitation, flame, and passion of popular elections, though not sufficiently remote to be insensible to public opinion, the Senate represents what is most stable and deliberate in the national judgment. Its orbit resists the perturbations and disturbances to which the other members of the system are subject, and marks the definite path of the progress of the nation.

From the nature of its functions, the character of its deliberations is largely determined. The rancor of partisanship is dulled. The wildest excesses of the champions of popular rights are curbed. Courtesy and decorum are the rule of debate, and the purpose of the orator is less to rouse the passions than to convince the judgment.

The dead Senator whose virtues we here recall possessed in an eminent degree the qualities that should pertain to that high office.

As a member of the Committee on Indian Affairs, of which he was chairman, it was my good fortune to be brought for a brief space into friendly and intimate relations with Governor BUCKINGHAM, and the memory of his virtues will always remain among the most valued reminiscences of my life.

Entering the public service at a period past the maturity of his years, without special training or previous legislative experience, he did not aspire to eminence in debate, nor strive for the triumphs of oratory, but was distinguished for practical judgment in affairs of state, and for a purity of purpose that was never surpassed among the servants of the Republic.

While the powers of his intellect were upon a high plane, yet were I called upon to define the impression that remains strongest with

me, I should say it was that of incomparable rectitude and integrity. To do right seemed less a dictate of conscience than an inevitable law of his being. Without disparagement to others, and with no faith in the vulgar imputations upon the mortality of public men, there was a conspicuous luster in the soul of Governor BUCKINGHAM that impressed all who were brought within the scope of his influence.

Micat inter omnes
Velut inter ignes Luna minores.

The rewards of gratified ambition and the applause of mankind possess allurements that few who can obtain them are able to resist; but there is an hour which comes to all when they lose their power, and are as valueless as the vanished breath from which they sprang.

At the dark portals of the grave, the vestibule of the world to come, it is better to have been good than to have been great. Mr. President, as we reflect upon the strange problem of human life, we are impressed with its incompleteness. Everything is fragmentary. Nothing is perfected. Man dies, leaving the labor of his life unfinished, and his works do follow him. It is an admonition and a warning, but not without prophecy; not without hope that some future career of renewed activity may perfect the destiny interrupted here. To this law of our existence the career of Governor BUCKINGHAM was an apparent exception. The orb of his life was nearly rounded; he had reached the allotted period of existence without abatement of his powers; fortune favored his labors, and the wealth which his industry had accumulated was distributed by benevolence; and those to whom he was most endeared had preceded him to the land of shadows; his State recognized his claim to the highest civic honors, and the nation, by the obsequies which we here solemnize, transmits his memory as a priceless heritage, a stimulus, and an example to the latest generation of American citizens.

Address of Mr. Morton, of Indiana.

Mr. President: If I was called upon to state the distinguishing characteristics of Governor Buckingham, I should agree with the Senator from Kansas that they were his high conscientiousness at all times and under all circumstances, and his charity. It seemed to me that Governor Buckingham always tried to do right, and that that consideration was ever uppermost in his mind. He had charity for all; he attributed good motives to all, and to those who differed from him the most widely in politics he attributed patriotism and integrity. I never heard him say an evil word of any human being. He was a man of strong sense. He discussed questions on this floor not generally from a legal stand-point, for he was not a lawyer, but oftener from a moral point of view, from a common-sense and a business point of view. He was industrious, and his purpose was always to do his duty in small things as well as in great.

What more, Mr. President, can I say in addition to what has already been better said by others, unless it be one or two things somewhat of a personal character?

I first met Governor Buckingham when he took his seat in this body on the 4th of March, 1869. I felt from the first that we were friends, and we were. He always expressed a deep interest in my health; his inquiries were always tender and almost from day to day. Though I had never met Governor Buckingham until that time, yet we had been in correspondence years before under circumstances of a most solemn character. It was, I think, in the summer of 1862, a few weeks, perhaps a month, before the issue of the proclamation of emancipation by Mr. Lincoln, that I received a lengthy letter from Governor Buckingham, in which he discussed the general situation of the country. It was at a gloomy period, when victory was not resting upon our arms. Toward the close of the letter he

suggested the question whether the Government was doing its duty in regard to the institution of slavery, and whether we could hope for ultimate victory while that institution was protected and preserved; but he expressed himself as uncertain as to whether the time had arrived when any step could be taken toward its destruction. He said that he had had an interview or a letter—I forget which—but recently, from Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, which had led him to write me on the subject. In replying I agreed with him upon the main suggestion of his letter, expressing the same doubt, however, as to whether the time was ripe, whether public opinion was in that condition to authorize the President of the United States to take the decisive step which he afterward took.

During my intercourse with Governor BUCKINGHAM as a member of this body he often talked to me about his experience as governor during the war. We often compared notes upon that subject. He evidently regarded his services as governor of Connecticut during the war as the great event of his life, and on several occasions expressed his doubts as to whether it was wise or expedient for him to accept a seat in this body, and whether he ought not to have retired from public life when the war was over.

Just before the close of the last session, and before his departure, he came across to my seat where I am now sitting, and said, "Well, we are about to separate. I hope we will meet next winter in better health." He said, "I am an old man, and feel that my race is nearly run." He said, "There are only three of us left who served as governor of our respective States throughout the entire war," referring to himself, to Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and to myself. He said that Yates and Andrew were gone, and that we, notwithstanding our utmost hopes, must soon follow; and taking me by the hand expressed the hope that we should meet the coming winter in better health. We parted to meet no more.

ADDRESS OF MR. EATON, OF CONNECTICUT.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I rise not for the purpose of addressing the Senate, but for the purpose of offering an additional resolution. Connecticut, by the voice of my distinguished friend and associate, [Mr. FERRY,] has pronounced a fitting eulogium upon her honored dead. Many Senators have spoken here in fitting terms of his character and of his many virtues. But a word, sir, and I shall be done.

Governor BUCKINGHAM came late into public life, and shortly after entering upon it there arose grave and great questions upon which men antagonized. Though many years younger than he, I had been somewhat in public life. My political convictions differed from the convictions of our deceased friend. I am glad to say here that however much they differed, though we were not intimate, yet our personal relations were always friendly. And, sir, I will say here, and I ask for no higher eulogium upon myself either from political foe or personal friend, that whatever WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM did in the line of his duty, he did it in all honor and in all honesty. If there were differences of opinion between him and some of his fellow-citizens, those differences to-day are cast into the great lumber-room of the past and are forgotten. He was a gentleman—a kindly gentleman. Blessed with large wealth, he showered it upon the needy. True to his friends, true to his convictions, true to those great principles which should govern us all, he went down to the grave an honest man. Noble heart, farewell! Pure, gentle spirit, fare thee well! The earth which bears thee dead bears not alive a truer gentleman.

Mr. President, I beg leave to offer this resolution:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect for the memory of the late Senator BUCKINGHAM the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to; and (at six o'clock and fifty minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS

IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ADDRESS OF MR. STARKWEATHER, OF CONNECTICUT.

I rise to call up the resolutions just received from the Senate in regard to the death of the late Senator BUCKINGHAM.

The Clerk read as follows:

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
February 27, 1875.

Resolved by the Senate, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM, late a Senator from the State of Connecticut, business be now suspended, that the friends and associates of the deceased may pay fitting tribute to his public and private virtues.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate this resolution to the House of Representatives.

Mr. SPEAKER: death calls us again to pause amid these busy scenes and pressing labors. How frequent the reminder! Half a score of those who were numbered with us at the commencement of the Forty-third Congress are to-day numbered with the dead. One by one loved and trusted associates have fallen among us, and we have borne them mournfully away to their resting-places.

When, a few days since, the intelligence of the death of Senator BUCKINGHAM reached this Capitol, there was a deep sense of sadness and bereavement. To us who knew him intimately, who had met him in the sunlight of his home, who had felt the glow of his pure and generous heart, and had seen its ready response to every call of distress; to us who had long known him as the best beloved of all the honored names of our Commonwealth, there is a sadness inexpressible.

I am oppressed with a sense of my inability to sketch even the outline of a life so full of noble purposes and grand achievement.

The community in which I live was bound to Senator BUCKINGHAM by the most endearing ties. He was born within the limits of the district I represent. Here he grew to manhood, here he passed all the years of his active business life, here his home, and here among his old neighbors and friends, beside the wife of his early love, in affectionate remembrance, he finds his resting-place. Within the borders of the Commonwealth which he served and honored more fully than any public man of this generation he had won the affectionate veneration of the people.

WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM was born at Lebanon on the 28th of May, 1804, the son of an intelligent and thrifty farmer and influential citizen. He came from good stock. His ancestor, Thomas Buckingham, was one of the original settlers of New Haven, and the Rev. Thomas Buckingham, son of the latter, settled in Saybrook and was one of the founders of Yale College and of the synod that formed the Saybrook platform. Counting back seven generations from the farmer's son of Lebanon, the "noble war governor," we reach the founder of our university.

He was born and reared amid patriotic associates, for, since the days of Jonathan Trumbull, and even in the colonial period, Lebanon was pre-eminent for its patriotism. But he did not rest his claim for success on illustrious ancestry or fortunate associations, but

went forth to gain success by his own exertions. All his life has been filled with usefulness and crowned with honor. No better example can be afforded for our study and imitation.

His public life consisted mainly of eight years' service as governor of Connecticut, commencing in 1858, and ending in 1866, and a service of nearly six years in the Senate. Prior to his election as governor in 1858, he had often been solicited to accept offices of honor and responsibility. These he had uniformly declined, with the exception of four years as mayor of Norwich.

As governor he showed marked executive ability. When the news came of the firing on Sumter, and President Lincoln made his first call for troops, he did not wait for an extra session of the legislature to provide means. The public confidence in him was so complete that he secured at once ample means, and the troops were immediately sent forward for the defense of the nation fully armed and equipped for service. His labors were unceasing, and his patriotism inspired the people everywhere. During all the war, as the chief executive of the State, he devoted himself to the public service with a zeal and self-sacrifice that has rarely been equaled, and he earned well the title of "noble war governor." Year after year he was re-elected; and at the close of the war, when last chosen, his majority was unprecedented in our State. He looked well to the comfort of the soldiers, and thought little of his own. He gave his whole time to the work, and contributed largely of his private fortune. In this outline it is impossible to represent the measure of his service or his patriotism that won the affection of the people and made his name a household word in every home in the Commonwealth.

He had most fully the confidence of President Lincoln, and was frequently called by him to advise as to most important matters connected with his administration.

He comprehended from the first more fully than most of our

statesmen the nature of the rebellion and the strength and resources of the confederacy. In his letter to President Lincoln, dated June 25, 1861, he said:

In your message I trust you will ask for authority to organize a force of four or five hundred thousand men, for the purpose of quelling the rebellion, and for an appropriation from the public Treasury sufficient for their support. Let legislation upon every other subject be regarded as out of time and place, and the one great object of suppressing the rebellion be pursued by the administration with vigor and firmness, without taking counsel of our fears, and without listening to any proposition or suggestion which may emanate from rebels or their representatives, until the authority of the Government shall be respected, its laws enforced, and its supremacy acknowledged in every section of the country. To secure such high public interests, the State of Connecticut will bind her destinies more closely in those of the General Government, and in adopting the measures suggested she will unreservedly pledge all her pecuniary and physical resources and all her moral power.

In the most disastrous days, when many lost hope, his faith in the success of the Union cause knew no abatement. His zeal and patriotism inspired everywhere in our Commonwealth measureless activity. On every call for troops the State was ready to furnish more than its quota, and they went out thoroughly equipped and with the best arms.

Of his service in the Senate there is no need that I should recall it here. Although he had received no previous legislative training, he entered at once with great aptitude and readiness on his duties. He made no claim to oratory, but he had what is better, a fund of useful information, a practical knowledge of business, and a ready ability to express clearly and forcibly his views. He was systematic, industrious, and faithful in a remarkable degree.

As a member of the Senate Committee on Commerce he mastered most fully the important questions that were there presented for dis-

cussion and action. As chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs he stood resolutely for justice for this stricken race, who so sadly need friends. His voice and his vote were always given with the most conscientious regard for the public interest and the nation's honor.

In the Senate he won the respect of his associates, and, judged by the work accomplished, the results, the services of Senator BUCKINGHAM were eminently successful.

In private life no language can present him in his true nobility of character. As a citizen, enterprising, public-spirited, he had a liberal hand for every good work. His benevolence knew no limit. He gave liberally to endow schools and colleges and to aid charitable institutions, but his contributions which flowed out in a thousand directions and which have found no record here will in the aggregate exceed those many fold.

The cause of education found in him an earnest, intelligent advocate. His consistent example for temperance, always inflexibly maintained, was more persuasive than the pulpit or the platform.

His religious convictions were of the highest type, and the precepts of inspiration were with him the rule of action in his daily life. His faith in the Infinite, his love of truth, gave him a grand courage in the battle of life. His foundations were sure. He never hesitated or faltered. He met all the great responsibilities and trials of life, and triumphed, being upheld—

> Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves.

And while to-day we are clothed in sadness, we acknowledge with gratitude the goodness and wisdom of our heavenly Father who has given such a life to the world, for his example is immortal. Not alone statesmen and those in high places in the council of the nation will profit by it, but all who shall come within its beneficent influence. He died at his home. Tender and sympathizing friends were

with him to minister consolation. He passed peacefully to his earthly repose and to the rewards of life immortal.

> There entertain him all the saints above,
> In solemn troop and sweet societies,
> That sing and in their glory move
> And wipe the tear forever from all eyes.

Great and generous spirit, farewell!

Address of Mr. Kellogg, of Connecticut.

Mr. Speaker: Death, which comes but once yet comes to all, has made fearful havoc in our ranks during the few short weeks of this session, and has taught us again and again, if we heed the lesson, what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue. Four of our own number, since we came together, less than three months since, have been summoned from our side and have seen the last of earth. And three of the members-elect of the next Congress, having just passed through the struggle, the excitement, and the triumph of the contest for a place in this Hall, have fallen by the wayside, weary with the march of life. And should not this teach us, my brothers, how empty and fleeting are the honors and earthly prizes for which we strive, and how soon they must elude our grasp? Should it not teach us also that the few years that are given us here should be devoted to the work that shall lead us to a higher and a better life; to works of love and charity and good-will for each other, and kindly aid and help to all who need and can receive it at our hands? Life is too short, there is too little of it, to have its days or even its hours wasted and worse than wasted in cherishing enmities or wounding the heart or the reputation of another who must soon lie side by side with us in the grave, "that covers every defect, buries every error, and extinguishes every resentment."

And now the blow has fallen upon a member of the other House, whom none could know well without cherishing for him an earnest love and admiration when living, and a keen regret and an abiding sorrow for his loss when dead. The State of Connecticut to-day mourns the departure of her faithful public servant, her honored war-governor, her Christian patriot and statesman. No name of all her sons in this generation has been more familiar, or spoken with higher reverence or warmer affection than his. No name in the long line of her honored chief magistrates has commanded a respect and admiration and love beyond his. In the mansions of the rich and by the firesides of the lowly, in all her towns and villages, and among all her hills and hamlets for years past, the name of WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM has been a household word.

There is a beautiful agricultural town in Eastern Connecticut called Lebanon, named, as is said, by one of the early Puritan clergymen, in the scriptural fashion of that day, from a grove of goodly cedars found within its borders. As Connecticut has sometimes been called the mother of States, so that town has well been called the mother of her governors. There the Trumbulls, father and son and another of the name, were born, all of them filling the executive chair of the State in their day and generation. Of the twenty-five governors of our State who held the office from 1769 to 1866, almost a century, three governors, natives of that little town, held the office thirty-three years. They were Jonathan Trumbull the elder and younger, and the late Governor BUCKINGHAM. No other man since the days of the Trumbulls has held the office so long at the hands of a grateful people as Governor BUCKINGHAM, with one exception, that of Oliver Wolcott. The elder Trumbull held the office for the longest period of all; he who will always be known as the war-governor in our struggle for independence as a nation, the fast friend and the chosen confidant of Washington, whose affectionate and loving though homely title, by which he addressed him as Brother Jona-

than, has symbolized this country for a century, and will last while the Republic shall endure.

There WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM was born in 1804. In his early youth he was surrounded by a generation that had known well the war-governor of the Revolution; and the stories told in childhood and the historical studies and all the high aspirations of his youth, together with that true New England pride in the name of an eminent man of one's native town, all conspired to make young BUCKINGHAM revere and seek to emulate the character of the illustrious Trumbull. How well and how grandly and completely his life fulfilled the aspirations of his youth this generation well knows. Like Trumbull, he became a merchant; and they, like that honored associate of ours from Massachusetts, Mr. Hooper, whose remains were borne from this Hall a few days ago, were of that class whose merchants are princes and whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth. Like Trumbull, he acquired wealth; and like Trumbull also, in his later life he learned the hard lesson, harder and more difficult to bear as crowding years have gathered over one, that losses will come, and that riches often take to themselves wings and fly away. Like Trumbull, he lavished his wealth and gave freely with full hands for all objects that were good and noble—for the culture, the education, and the moral and religious improvement of his fellowmen. And like Trumbull, though he might have died with more of this world's goods that he could not take away if he had been less liberal and charitable and benevolent, he has taken with him into the skies the abounding riches of a life of virtue, of charity, of love and good-will toward men; and he has left behind a richer and more priceless legacy to his people than all the wealth of Ormus or all the shining piles of silver and gold that mortal man has ever accumulated—an honorable and a stainless name.

The flying hours of a closing session admonish me that I cannot linger as long as I would in this last tribute to our honored and

beloved Senator. He will be best known in the history of his country as the war-governor of Connecticut in the late great conflict for a nation's unity and a nation's life; and here I might pursue the parallel with Trumbull if time would allow me. He gave his whole time and strength to the work. In the darkest hour of his country's trial he was ever cheerful, confident, hopeful, energetic. With a courage that never faltered, and with a faith fast fixed on the future glories of a country saved, reunited, and redeemed from the national shame and sin that had caused the war, he went through with his exhausting work to the end. I might fill pages with incidents of his devotion, his patriotism, and his untiring energy during those four sad, weary years, even of those that came under my own observation. And on the very day in April, 1865, that the cannon were booming and bells were ringing out the glad tidings that the power of the rebellion was broken and the city of its government had surrendered to the Union armies, he was re-elected governor for the eighth and last time by the largest majority ever given to a candidate during my residence in said State, now more than thirty years. He refused to be again a candidate. Severe labors and gathering years demanded rest and quiet. But his people were unwilling to leave him there. He was elected to the Senate, and took his seat in the spring of 1869. Those of us who have been here during these last six years can bear witness how faithfully he has done his work here. In his place in the Senate he has honored his State more than his State could honor him. Nor has his work been confined to the Senate and the committee-room. Those hours that at his age should be given to rest he has devoted to the constant and numberless calls that one faithful to his constituents will here find daily on his hands. As Burke said to his constituents, his work was at the Departments also; he went about constantly wherever the affairs or the interests of his people could call him. For the humblest as well as the highest of his people he was ever ready to

give his own personal labor and effort. His fellow-Senators have spoken his praise in words of no unmeaning eulogy. Courteous, kindly, and a perfect gentleman in his intercourse with all, they learned to love him all; no harsh expression or word of insult or unkindness to a brother member, in the heat of debate or otherwise, fell from his lips, and the Senate Chamber is fragrant with loving and tender memories of their departed associate.

I met Senator BUCKINGHAM for the last time in August. We had been a day or two together, and he was then in ill-health and seeking rest and recreation. I remember the saddened and worn expression upon his face, though lighted up as always with his beaming, kindly smile, as he took my hand at parting in our room at the sea-side hotel, and said, "I shall be stronger when the warm weather is over, and we will meet again at Washington, ready for hard work in December." But he never came. His work was done. He had lived, with a life full of every good word and work, to the allotted years of three-score and ten; and if the prayers and wishes of his people could have availed, as they cannot, his years should have been more than four-score, and none of his days should have been those of weakness or sorrow. He died before his term of office expired; and it is worthy of note that the last Senator from Connecticut who had died before him, during his term of office, was a fellow-townsman of our deceased friend—Mr. Jabez W. Huntington, who died at his residence in Norwich nearly thirty years ago.

Patriotism, piety, benevolence, charity, and a strict integrity were the characteristics of the life of WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM. His patriotism was intense. Those of us who saw him often during the war can never forget it. If there was one thing that he could not forgive in the day and time of it, it was disloyalty to the country, though his heart was full of forgiveness after the war was over. His piety was unquestioned; it was in his daily walk and daily life. He can well bear the name of a Christian statesman; for though in

these days, when the clouds of calumny are thick about the heads of all men in public life, it is the fashion of some men to speak sneeringly of Christian statesmen, yet the bitterest scoffer and traducer can well mention the name of WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM as a Christian statesman without a sneer. His benevolence was large as his heart; his bounty was ample as his means. Much he gave to public, religous, educational, and charitable institutions; but there were silent streams of charity flowing into many an afflicted or impoverished household that the world knew not of. How much those people mourn his loss none but God and they can know; but the prayers and the blessings of the poor he befriended in life are among the brightest jewels of his crown of rejoicing. His integrity no man could question. A bright example of the constant exercise of all the virtues of a well-spent life he has given for us in the few years that are left us, and a noble character for our sons to study and emulate as they grow up to manhood. In contemplating the close of such a life, the prayer must and will spring to our lips, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." A life like his must surely lead, as God is just and good, to the thanatopsis so beautifully described in the familiar language of one of New England's native poets:

> So live that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
> Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Address of Mr. Wilson, of Iowa.

The sad intelligence just brought to us invites me to look back a quarter of a century, when the life of William A. Buckingham, then in its meridian as a business man, philanthropist, and Christian, was referred to with pride by his fellow-men and pre-eminently worthy the example of the school-boy.

It is fitting and graceful that those who have enjoyed his acquaintance without interruption, and represent the same State here that he did in the Senate, should tell us of his more striking characteristics and delineate the features of that well-rounded life of which all who knew him are so justly proud; what foot-prints he has left upon the sands of Connecticut, what impression upon her institutions.

I want to say a word about him in the connection in which so many great and good men of New England might be spoken of—as a friend and benefactor of something new, or young, or feeble in the West.

The connection of some eastern men with the growth of the West has not been written, and, owing to the sacredness of its nature, much of it perhaps never will be.

What the West owes to the East for her habits, her ideas of education, her humane laws, and her religious example will come within the scope and province of future historians, who will note the acquisitions to the prairies of ennobling characteristics, advanced ideas, and institutions of reform and charity. It will be easy to trace to their true source in the East the school-laws that tax all the property to educate all the children, the town library, the town meeting, laws abolishing imprisonment for debt, and exempting from execution. But the eastern men who followed with their sympathies the pioneers who first reclaimed from nature the fields that now teem with plenty, from the modesty that accompanies such goodness of heart are not likely to be recorded in history with due credit, and that, too, because

the right hand did not know what the left hand was doing. This liberality was particularly extended toward the endowment of our struggling colleges and academies, and follows the pioneer to his new home in the West as regularly as the manners and habits of his eastern home. Just how much of the rapid growth of our advanced institutions of learning is due to such benefactions may never be known, but their influence in molding the character of western men and bringing into harmony with the spirit of enlightenment that is placing our country in the front of progressive nations will live and be potent for good long after the donors have gone to their reward.

WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM was of this race of nobility a typical man.

A colony from Norwich, Connecticut, settled in Central Iowa over twenty years ago. It is common in the West in many localities to call divisions of land, rivers, creeks, villages, and towns, to perpetuate what was familiar, famous, or excellent in the East after the apt aboriginal names had been exhausted. This colony named a congressional township and village Buckingham. One of the first things done by such colonies is to build a school-house where the children may learn, where religious worship may be held on the Sabbath, where the temperance lectures may be delivered, where the lyceum may meet, where the agricultural society may discuss, where elections can be held, where the different elements that comprise a western community first learn to fraternize, where the women weave the fabrics of sympathy and friendship that clothe society with its comeliest garments, and acquaintance is first made by the young people that is to ripen into esteem, friendship, and affection.

Governor BUCKINGHAM contributed liberally to the first school-house built in the new settlement.

A mutual friend repeated to me his observation when speaking of the fact that his name was to be associated with a locality in Iowa.

Said he, "I understand a beautiful town has been named for me in Iowa, and I have had the honor of aiding in building a school-house in it, and am as ready to aid in building a church for education, and Christianity will be the basis of prosperity in Iowa, as in New England." He built from basement to spire a church that is only rivaled in beauty of design by the landscape it graces. Just how much the generous spirit of this one man has done for the place and people I speak of cannot be estimated by any measure of value with which we are familiar. The few scattering cabins that first dotted the prairie about Buckingham have long since been replaced by white cottages with green window-blinds. The few pioneers that first worshiped in the old school-house built by Mr. BUCKINGHAM have swelled to a thickly-settled neighborhood with many school-houses. They tell as plainly of the rising of the people as the beacon-fires on the hill-tops told of the gathering of the highland clans, but the numerous churches indicate that the rising promises peace instead of war.

So little is generally known of the extent of the benefactions to our young institutions of learning, that although my district has three colleges to whose endowment eastern men of wealth have contributed liberally, and are still contributing, I only know the names of a few of them. I would be glad to incorporate in my remarks the names of each of the noble men whose generosity has gone over the Alleghanies to help build up our schools, churches, and colleges. The names of W. A. BUCKINGHAM, Oakes Ames, William E. Dodge, Samuel Wilston, and Ezra Cornell readily occur to me as prominent examples.

President Thacher, of our State University, told me an anecdote that illustrates Governor BUCKINGHAM's whole life. A friend called upon him and found him in deep mental distress. Upon inquiring the cause, Mr. BUCKINGHAM replied that after a careful inquiry into his private business he discovered that he had made too much money.

There is a Christian influence at work in America that is not confined to States, and a bond of union that is stronger than the Constitution. Its promoters are above partisan or sectional feeling, and its objects are grander than the development of our material resources, which only indicates its advancing steps. It has a history, and a record is well preserved of all its advocates.

This cause has lost one of its strong men, and that the breach may be healed we are impelled to say with the sweet singer of Israel:

Help, Lord, because the godly man
Doth daily fade away;
And from among the sons of men
The faithful do decay.

Address of Mr. Potter, of New York.

Mr. Speaker: One could hardly form the acquaintance of the late Senator Buckingham without respecting and liking him. To know him at all was to feel sure that he was an upright, just, and honorable man. There was a modest dignity in his demeanor, there was a gentleness and cordiality in his manner, which at once inspired confidence and commanded respect. I never met him in the way of public duty without being impressed by a sense of his sound judgment and high principle. I never met him in private life without a deeper regard for his pure, gentle, and kindly nature.

But with all his moderation and kindness no one could ever doubt that Senator Buckingham held to his opinions upon full conviction. He carried his notions of "loyalty," of "abolition," or of "abstinence," into his daily life, and insisted upon them modestly, but with a firmness and consistency such as is shown only by men who believe.

There is a striking and a hopeful lesson, sir, in such a life as was that of the late Senator. Trained in those common schools of the

country which are open to every child; beginning business in a small way; gaining success by upright, faithful, and prompt attention to that business; gradually acquiring influence and fortune, and with them acquiring sound and honorable reputation, he came in time—though perhaps not a man of brilliant natural abilities—to fill with complete success positions of the highest usefulness and dignity. Chosen governor of the Commonwealth before the late civil war, he continued to discharge the duties of that position during all that trying time with an ability, patriotism, efficiency, and determination which induced his people to repeatedly re-elect him to that office against the usual custom of the State. Removed then to his position in the Senate, his service there was marked by such a careful, judicious, and efficient discharge of his senatorial duties; by such a wise and conscientious regard for the best interest of the people; by such personal gentleness, purity, and kindness, as commanded from all who served with him there, or knew him at all, their warmest praise, and call now for their deepest regret at his loss.

My political views differed widely from those of Senator BUCKINGHAM. But I knew that he held his opinions from conviction, and that according to his light he served the nation purely, honestly, and faithfully, with judgment, with efficiency, and with the greatest kindness toward all. Whoever, sir, does that, with whatever talents may be intrusted to him, has done his best, and when called away from his labors here has deserved of all men that high respect and warm regard which those who knew him felt for the late Senator from Connecticut.

For myself, I share in the regret expressed in both Houses of Congress at his loss, and am glad to be allowed to add these few words to the eulogiums that have just been so warmly and so fitly passed upon this worthy, kindly, and honorable Christian gentleman.

Address of Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut.

Mr. Speaker: The plain, old-fashioned town of Lebanon, Connecticut, will be found at this day very much as the French officers looked at it during one long, dreary winter of the Revolution. There stands the old war-office of "Brother Jonathan," as Governor Trumbull, the revolutionary war governor of Connecticut, was popularly called. The comments of the Frenchmen upon country life in Connecticut are amusing even at this day. I hardly suppose they saw in it the beauty and excellence that we perceive. But among those old country roads and those quiet homesteads grew up a body of young men, not familiar with the language of chivalry, not receiving from their parents the charge of the Spartan mother to her sons, but men to whom the word "duty" was everything. The young Trumbull consecrated himself to the ministry, but the demands of his father's business called him into an active mercantile life; and by and by his fellow-citizens called him to a higher sphere of public exertion, and he was governor of the Colony and State for fifteen years, commencing with 1769. He was the only governor of a Colony that remained true to his people during the war of the Revolution. Every other colonial governor went with the king. Brother Jonathan stood by his people and they stood by him from the beginning to the end—the square, straight, solid, brave, indomitable old man. His son followed him in the chief magistracy of the State in 1798, keeping the place for eleven years, and in 1858 our good Governor William A. Buckingham, also a native of Lebanon, took the reins to hold them for eight stormy years.

As my colleague has said, the excellence of his gracious mother was traditional in the town. Doubtless, as my colleague has said, he emulated the example of Brother Jonathan, to whom duty was all in all; and we all have loved to contrast them in their lives. Our two

war governors, not dissimilar in many circumstances of their lives, but especially like in this, each with the hearty choice of his fellow-citizens remained at the head of the little Commonwealth during the long great wars of independence, for such I call both wars.

His pastor said of him truly, he was the offspring of New England's purest life; she never gave birth to a nobler son.

I do not know that men would call Governor BUCKINGHAM a great man, but he is like many others who are revered in history. Sometimes men sit down and dissect the character of George Washington and tell us he was not great, but the world persists in remembering him, walking round about his character, pointing out all its virtues and admiring its symmetry and power. So of our lamented friend; I do not know we can call him a great orator or a great writer or great in anything especially, but you can look at no element of his heart or head in which he does not appear excellent. As a son, as a husband, as a father, as a brother and friend, all who knew him speak of him in terms of the most devoted affection and respect. They say there was none like the old governor in all these things, and as he moved among his fellow-citizens his appearance commanded their respect. Strong in his affections, kindly and courteous in his manner, he attracted the love of all about him.

He was an energetic and successful business man. He rose to eminence; he accumulated property, but he used it as one who considered himself merely the steward, and as my friend from Iowa [Mr. WILSON] has said, he lamented at one time when he found himself growing so rich, and immediately began to discharge the duty of a Christian gentlemen in bestowing it wisely upon many enterprises.

As a public servant his fidelity, his energy, his patriotism, marked him among public men. He was public-spirited in the broadest sense of the word. We wonder, looking over his life, how he found time to do so much. He seemed always ready to take any new

burden upon his shoulders. He never seemed to be discouraged. He never seemed to be overburdened. As the president of a temperance society or at the head of a Bible society, or a tract society, or a missionary society, or attending great public meetings or political conventions, he always came to the front; never failed—always ready, always efficient. He was always among the men at the head of his own church. He was a deacon for thirty years; a man who scarcely ever missed his seat—never if his health permitted. He was leaned upon by the respective pastors. He was a friend of the public schools and of every charity—a ready and cheerful giver; he only wanted to know how much they thought should be his share. He paid cheerfully, not as a tax but as a duty and a privilege. He was the friend of all the young men who ever came near him seeking education. He gave when he could; encouraged them; never turned them away without a kindly word. He was a patient and ready sympathizer and friend of the poor. He was a warm friend of the slave always; and when he came finally to the head of our affairs at the beginning of the rebellion we found our plain, straightforward, well-balanced country gentlemen made a great war governor—always cheerful, always brave, always ready, always ahead in business, so that the quota of Connecticut was always in advance of the demands of the Federal Government.

Our troops always went out so well equipped that on reaching the field they were immediately stripped of some of their surplus. Interested in the widows and orphan children of the dead soldiers and urging upon the Legislature the care of them, sending his agents constantly to inspect the condition of our troops, and communicating with them constantly by messengers and by telegrams, from the beginning to the end, I do not know what more our Commonwealth could have asked of WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM. He never had a doubt of the willingness of the State to stand by him, and never had a doubt of the success of the contest.

His children and his family will remember him. His business associates will remember him. All the late soldiers will remember him. The managers of all our benevolent associations will remember him. His humble neighbors, the poor, will remember his tender words and generous private charities. His church will remember him, and the State will forever cherish his name with those of the good old Governor Trumbull and its truest and strongest leaders. He manifested in his activities and usefulness a strong, clear, and symmetrical character. In studying him I perceive the value of that element which men call character. If men will not call him great in majesty of intellect, they must call him great in goodness, great in the harmony, in the truth, in the firmness, the fidelity of his character—"rich in saving common sense." In speaking of him I think of what the English laureate said in talking of one of England's good and great men:

> O good gray head which all men knew;
> O steady nerve to all occasions true;
> O fall'n at length that tower of strength
> Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew.

The SPEAKER. By the order of the House, the House now takes a recess until half past seven o'clock.

The House accordingly (at five o'clock and five minutes p. m.) took a recess.

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